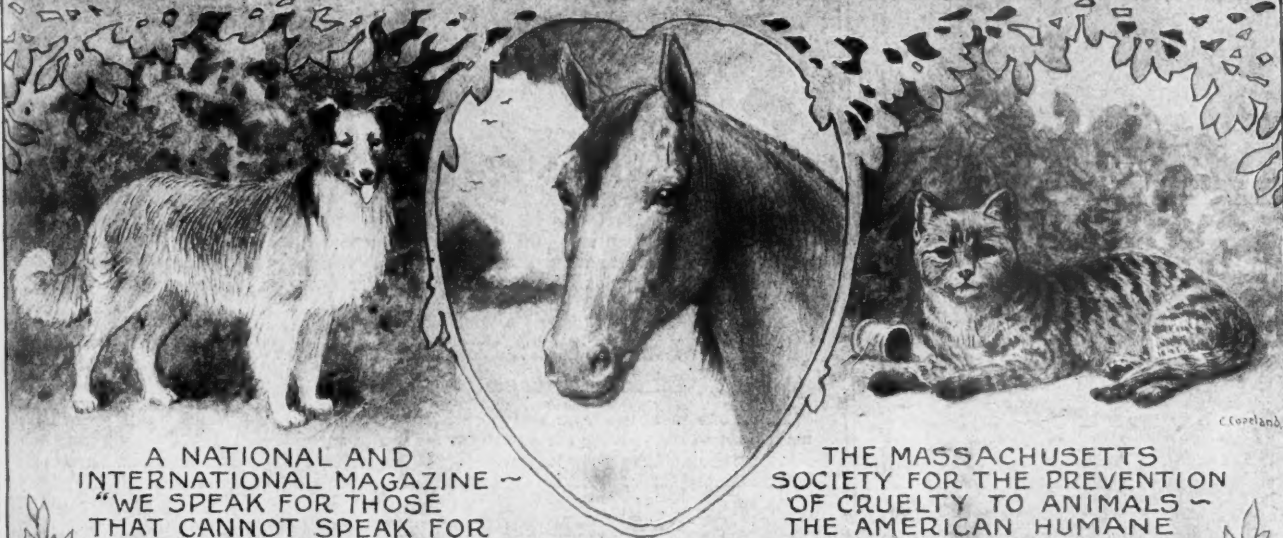


OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Vol. 58

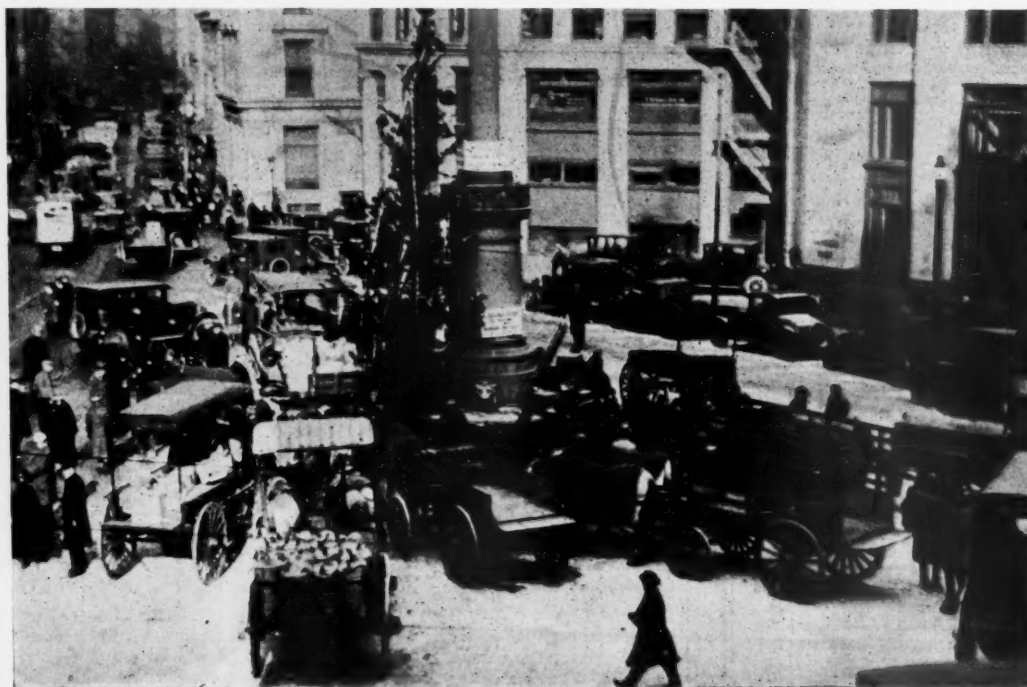
No.

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FEBRUARY, 1926

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THE HORSES' CHRISTMAS IN BOSTON (See page 133)

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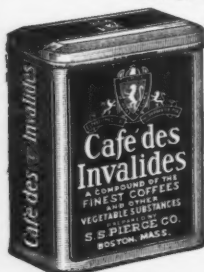
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Tremont Temple Bird Lectures

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals joins with the Massachusetts Audubon Society in the presentation of a program which is especially appealing to the members of both Societies. Please note carefully place and hour as well as dates.

The Place, Tremont Temple, Boston

The Hour, 2 P. M., on Saturdays

February 27, WILLIAM L. FINLEY

The Cruise of a Naturalist

A moving picture story of adventures among little known wild folk of tide line and forest. A wonderfully picturesque setting in the British Columbia coast country, the surgent sea, the primeval forest and all the wild folk that dwell therein, photographed by William and Irene Finley! A story full of wisdom for the grown-ups, of laughter for the children, and of thrills for both. The best product of the inimitable Finleys.

March 6, ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY

Mountain and Seacoast in Ecuador

Enormous mountains, an arid coast, tropical seas traversed by a polar current, make topsy-turvy living conditions for birds and animals in this picturesque, little known region. The story of Dr. Murphy's intensive study of conditions there is entertainingly set forth, illustrated with still and motion pictures.

March 13, THORNTON BURGESS

Old Orchard and Green Forest Friends

Friendly, intimate tales of birds and animals that have come to be old friends of us all, inimitably told and beautifully illustrated. Burgess brings the age of fable into this world of fact and shows us how joyously the two may be one. That is why he delights adults as well as children. Certainly he delights children the world over and they all will want to hear and see him.

March 20, ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Voices of the Night

(Illustrated)

Tales of the mystery of moonlight, the velvety darkness of the forest arcades, their night cries and the birds and animals that make them, told in the best vein of the man whose writings on nature, based on his intimate knowledge of and love for all wild things, has made his name known throughout the world; an unusually captivating presentation.

EDWARD AVIS, a Violinist and Bird Mimic

Mr. Avis will give his whistling reproductions of bird songs as a curtain raiser before each lecture. A rare opportunity to learn the birds by their songs while you see the birds on the screen, also to get that touch of romance which his violin always gives to one of his recitals. Be sure to be there in time to get this, promptly at two.

The two Societies, The Audubon Society for the protection of birds and The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, both are interested in the protection of birds and the lectures make the same appeal to the constituency of each. The Audubon Society therefore has welcomed our co-operation and feels that the results will be mutually beneficial.

TICKETS.—Tickets will not be sold at the door but two each will be mailed to many of our members on or about February first. The price of these course tickets will be \$2.50 each. Single admissions will be on sale at the office of the Audubon Society or at the door at 75 cents each.

A limited number of RESERVED SEATS have been set aside on the floor of the hall. Price for the course, \$5.00 each. Reserved seats for single lectures will be on sale at \$1.50 each at the office of the Massachusetts Audubon Society and at the office of our Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, on and after February 20.

Proceeds to be Divided Between the Two Societies

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 58

February, 1926

No. 9

Abraham Lincoln—A Tribute

FEBRUARY, 1809—APRIL, 1865

THE HON. ALBERT E. PILLSBURY

This tribute to Lincoln is taken from "Lincoln and Slavery," by the Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, for many years the Counselor of our two Societies. This small volume is a classic. It ranks among the choicest of all the studies of Lincoln's attitude toward slavery. Every lover of the great President should have it in his possession.

When the conflict between Freedom and Slavery in this nation was approaching its crisis, in the struggle for possession of the Nebraska territory, a new and singular figure appeared at the front of political battle in the West, moved to the head of events, passed across the world's stage, and in the short space of seven years had vanished from the sight of man.

Within such narrow bounds of time lies a career the like of which is not to be found in history. In the elements of wonder and marvel, the story of Abraham Lincoln's life and death is without parallel or example. From the mean cabin in the Kentucky woods to the final peak of transfiguration, it moves in the successive acts of a great tragic drama, reaching the high-water mark of human achievement and sounding every note in the gamut of human emotion.

This plain American citizen was one of the most complex and inscrutable of all the

great historic characters. He was full of the oddest incongruities. By turns a man of jest and laughter, and again "dripping" as a friend said, with melancholy; ranging in thought and speech from unquotable plainness to the heights of the human intellect; a shrewd, practical lawyer and politician dwelling among shadows, dreaming dreams, seeing portents and feeling mysterious influences that affected his conduct; the most unpretentious of men, set in the homeliest framework, thinking with the power of Plato, seeing with the eye of the Sibyl, speaking like the Hebrew prophets.

The forlorn backwoods boy turns out to be the appointed head of a great nation, in a crisis affecting the fate of the world. The obscure country lawyer reveals in a phrase what a people is waiting to hear, and becomes in a day the prophet of the cause. The uncouth Westerner from the

prairies, unpractised in arms or in statecraft, outmasters the statesmen, outwits the diplomatists, gives the generals their plan of campaign. The unlettered man of the people speaks lofty eloquence, soon to become classic. The raw politician, who never held public power for a day, takes the helm of state when the ship is already on the rocks, when all the pilots and captains stand helpless and appalled, to bring her in safety and triumph through the storm.

Without origin, without training, without an external attraction, without a worldly advantage, the meanly-born child of a poor and shiftless emigrant makes his way out of the wilderness to fix for all time the eyes of the world as leader of a people, liberator of the slave, deliverer of his country, and in another turn of the kaleidoscope, to be numbered with martyrs and saints in glory everlasting.

WE may not all know that it is recorded that the first composition Abraham Lincoln ever wrote in his boyhood days was upon "Kindness to Animals."

IN opposition to slavery Henry Ward Beecher once said, "All the bells that God has put into my belfry shall ring."

PLEASE read the notice on the opposite page of the Bird Lectures to be given under the direction of the Massachusetts Audubon Society and our Society. We hope that many of our members will avail themselves of the opportunity at once to enjoy a rare treat and at the same time to benefit the two Societies.

IN the public schools of France there is to be an annual "Peace Day." Not only, according to Yvon Delbos, Minister of Public Instruction, at this time are the lessons of the great war to be impressed upon the pupils, but he urges the enforcement of pacific ideas and the interdependence of all the peoples of Europe one upon another.

WE have just learned with regret of a playground instructor advising the boys under him to catch butterflies for trays and lockets. Surely they were created for something better than such a purpose.

WHAT multitudes still think that the animals below us were created solely for man's pleasure and service! What does their capacity for the enjoyment of peace, comfort and nature's bounties mean if not that they were created for these things as well as man, and with him not only to serve, but to enjoy?

PROOF OF KINDNESS WILL BE DEMANDED

WERE METHODS USED IN TRAINING HUMANE AND JUSTIFIABLE?—NOW BEING ASKED

A REPROACH TO FRANCE

FAR are we from indicting the French nation for the fast-growing evil within its borders of the brutal bull-fight. To all the finer citizens of that fair land this shameful form of amusement is as detested as it is by all civilized men and women. How fast this relic of barbarism is spreading in France we fear few realize.

When such towns as Aix-les-Bains, Vichy, Dax, Montpellier and others like them permit these exhibitions, towns that once would never have thought of countenancing them, there is no wonder the evil is deeply stirring the minds of many.

A friend writes us at length of the situation and encloses a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* (England), from which we quote a part:

"Vichy, which claims to be the first watering-place of France, has been indulging in the real *corridas espagnoles*, and has had them patronized by the mayor. Dax, too, has provided the spectacle of civil authorities openly abetting foreigners in the breaking of the law.

"The French law for the protection of animals against cruelty is, however, one of the most inadequate in Europe. It dates from 1850, and punishes cruelty by fines of from five to fifteen francs, or by five days' imprisonment in case of second offense, but the law only becomes operative when the cruelty is committed in public! Even so, this law is so little enforced that a French humanitarian wrote a few days ago that nine-tenths of the country districts in France were totally unaware of its existence.

"In regard to bull-fighting, the procedure is farcical to the extreme. If the bulls are to be killed, the organizer of the show visits the local police depot on the day and solemnly undergoes the formality of paying the fine for cruelty for each bull killed (the disembowelled horses are apparently not charged for). The spectacle then takes place and the Government levies an amusement tax on the gate money.

"The worst effect of all is, of course, the demoralization of the spectators. These Paris shows appear to have been specially conducted with a view to leading the audience by gradual steps to the necessary state of delirious blood-lust. Children were admitted half-price, and at the last show of the series on Sunday the crowd were yelling wildly for the death of the bull and for the full *corrida*, and there is little doubt that next year a still more determined attempt will be made to introduce it to the Ville Lumière."

Thoughtful French people are urging all tourists from foreign countries to refrain from patronizing these bull-fights. We can hardly believe that readers of this magazine would be guilty of even wanting to witness one of these disgraceful appeals to the worst instincts of mankind, but we devoutly trust that American tourists will be chiefly conspicuous by their absence from the bull-fights in France.

Alas, we have just learned that a bull-fight in which the bull is not to be killed or horses used is planned for Tampa for New Year's Day. We are protesting by telegram.

Join the Jack London Club—a great movement whose goal is the prevention of cruelty to performing animals.



From London Daily Express

AN AMERICAN CIRCUS "TURN" IN WHICH THE PERFORMING DOG IS MADE TO CLEAR A HEIGHT OF TWELVE FEET TWO INCHES AS HIS BEST EFFORT. THIS EXTRAORDINARY FEAT HAS JUSTLY PROVOKED MUCH DISAPPROVAL

HUMANE SOCIETIES ENJOINED

A COMMITTEE on rodeo, appointed in 1924 by the American Humane Association, has recently issued its report and recommends among other things the following:

- (1) That a continuous campaign be maintained and authentic information be widely circulated throughout the country.
- (2) That local humane organizations be urged to oppose the issue of permits to all shows which appear likely to involve cruelty to or unfair exploitation of animals.
- (3) That societies for the protection of animals should energetically supervise every feature of the rodeo and thoroughly examine all stock before and after each performance.

PARENTS AND TEACHERS APPEAL

THE Idaho Congress of Parents and Teachers has passed a resolution opposing the commercialized round-up, known as the rodeo. The members of the Congress point out that such exhibitions do not represent the better American ideals or the traditions of the West, and that the cruelty to animals in this so-called amusement is degrading in its influence upon character. They have asked the authorities to enforce the law prohibiting cruelty in any form.

Similar action has been taken by the Oregon State Parent-Teacher Association which recently adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, It is the practice in various communities in this State to give performances known as "round-ups" and "rodeos" where it is the custom of the participants to perform acts of cruelty on horses and cattle to illustrate what are said to be practices of "wild west" cowboys on the cattle ranges.

And Whereas, There is abundant evidence that such acts of cruelty are not tolerated on the ranges and are not the common practice and that they are most unnecessary.

And Believing, That all such exhibitions of cruelty are inhuman and demoralizing, not only to the adult audience but most especially for the children, and further that all such acts of brutality are a libel on the life and customs of this Western Country,

Therefore, We, in convention assembled, do herewith express our disapproval of these performances, and we protest to those cities and towns in our State which sponsor them against any recurrence. We further desire to express to their managers our belief that these occasions could be made much more interesting and attractive through the elaboration of the pageantry features which would give in wonderful colorful details, the picturesque development of the Oregon Country from its earliest pioneer days. *We further direct* that copies of these resolutions be sent to Chambers of Commerce in the cities and towns in which such performances have been given.

OUSTED FROM ENGLAND

MR. HENRY B. AMOS, honorary secretary of the Leeds Rodeo Protest Committee, writes in *The Animal World*: "It will interest the readers to know that the stadium erected in Leeds for the purpose of a rodeo, but never used, is coming down. This, as you are aware, is the second stadium there to yield, within the last nine months, to the pressure of public opinion, and should, I think, as I am sure we all fervently hope, mark the end of a rodeo ever again being attempted on a large scale in this country."

ENTER THE UNCROPPED DOGS

IT is announced that certain breeds of dogs formerly exhibited with cropped ears, and necessarily so, will be eligible for prizes in the future with uncut ears at the bench shows of the Westminster Kennel Club. Three cups have been offered by the American S. P. C. A., and will be awarded at the next show to uncropped competitors. The Club has endorsed the anti-cropping movement and now is ready to co-operate in this long-agitated reform.

NEEDED

ELLEN D. MASTERS

*LITTLE rough donkey, of long ago,
Olivet donkey, that did not know
That they led you away from your mother's side
For the Master of all the world to ride.
Never man on your back had sat,
The Master cared naught for matter of that.
His word the demon's slave set free;
He bridled the waves of the raging sea.*

*As your little gray hoofs tripped softly along,
In tune with the shouts and the victory song,
What was the joy of your own dumb breast—
Did the weight that you carried seem sweet rest?
Did you dream your riders henceforth should be
Such kind and masterful riders as He?*

*How did you feel, little donkey, when
You carried the weight of other men?
When you heard the curse, instead of the song,
When they struck you blows as you toiled along
'Neath common burdens of common days,
When no soft palm-leaves padded your ways?
Did you ever wish Him to come again,
Who "broke" you that day to saddle and rein?*

*Poor little donkey, that never knew
'T was the dear Lord Christ who needed you.
And they took the palms all out of His road,
And they struck Him blows as He carried His
load,
As humbly, dumbly, stooping low,
He bore the sins of men—who know.*

ELECTRIC FANS FOR HORSES

THE method described below, from the *Electric Shop Quarterly*, has been used for some years at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Of course no one caring for horses would subject them, while overheated, to sudden currents of cold air.

Electricity is used for a multitude of purposes, but its application for promoting the comfort of dumb animals is unusual.

One real hot afternoon last summer J. R. Roberts, president of the Roberts Sanitary Dairy, had occasion to visit the stables and noted that many of the faithful horses used in milk delivery were bothered by the extreme heat.

He immediately got in touch with C. M. Howell, his electrical contractor, and asked for information as to the feasibility and cost of installing some ceiling fans in the stable. Eleven fans were ordered at once, and through Mr. Roberts' insistence that the welfare and comfort of the horses were paramount, they were installed that same day.

The next sweltering day that arrived found the horses basking under the cool breezes of the fans with no indication of strenuous sweating, panting and other hot weather discomforts. It was really amusing to watch those horses stand in their stalls with halter ropes stretched in order to permit their getting as far back under the fans as possible. Not only was the hot weather distress relieved, but the usual infestation of stable flies was absent.

Mr. Roberts invested more than \$500 in this installation looking to the comfort of the faithful animals and considers it one of the best investments, not only from a humane but from an economical point of view, that the Roberts Sanitary Dairy has ever made.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.



JEWELS

CASH PRIZE FOR ONE-ACT PLAY

Short Sketch Showing Kindness to Animals
Wanted Before March 15

Fifteen dollars in cash will be paid by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the best one-act play, intended to illustrate kindness to animals, suitable for presentation by school children of mixed grammar grades, received at the office of the Society before midnight of March 15, 1926. Additional requirements are:

1. Manuscripts, including all stage directions and explanations, not to exceed 2,000 words.

2. The number of characters to be not less than six nor more than twenty.

3. Each manuscript to be written on one side of the page only, preferably typed, with name and full address of the author at the top of the first page, and mailed to Editor, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to reach that office by March 15, 1926.

4. No manuscripts will be returned unless self-addressed, stamped envelope, with postage attached, is enclosed for this purpose. Do not include any other enclosures such as letters or explanations not in the manuscript.

Only one (first) prize is offered. The winning manuscript, if found suitable for the purpose, will be published in the "Humane Exercises for the Use of Teachers on Humane Day in Schools" (April 16, 1926).

HORSES SHARE AT CHRISTMAS

IN the distribution of Christmas cheer horses, at least several hundreds of them in or near Boston, were not overlooked. Following its annual custom for the ninth time, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. provided a good dinner in Post Office Square for many animals. It has become a holiday feature that thousands of men, women and children have pleasure not only in watching, but also in taking an active personal interest. Around a thirty-foot Christmas tree standing upon the Angell Fountain and fittingly decorated for the occasion, horses, still representing many and varied industries, came between 11 A. M. and 3 P. M. and enjoyed a well-balanced feed of oats, carrots and apples. Their drivers were served with hot coffee and home-made doughnuts while the Society's officers and employees prepared rations for the horses and willing assistants helped in the serving.

The Horses' Christmas is perhaps one of the best object lessons in the "Be Kind to Animals" movement which has its devotees almost everywhere. Far more than any service to the horses, however, is the significance of it all to the public. It is a witness to the claims upon us of all animal life for just and kind treatment, and an expression of our gratitude and obligation to them.

To those who contributed toward the Horses' Christmas, both from far and near, the thanks and appreciation of the Society are hereby extended.

THE MONGREL DOG

BOBBERY" BURNS' characterization that "a man's a man for a' that," is just as applicable to a dog. No pride of ancestry, no process of eugenic selection, can alter the character of a dog. The little mongrel that leads his blind master and looks affectionately into the sightless eyes, is just as faithful as the French poodle that nestles in the lap of his wealthy mistress. "Bill" Sykes' cur was as loyal to that despicable ruffian as the graceful hound that scampers by the side of his fair owner. Who has not read the tribute by the late Senator Vest or that of President Harding, and not felt a kindlier interest in dumb animals? Dogs are the friends and protectors of youth, the devoted companions of older persons, often their consolation and their inspiration.

—Washington Post

MR. William Pitt Fessenden Robie has set aside about 300 acres of land in Gorham, Maine ("Robie Woods") for a bird sanctuary. The gift of "Robie Woods" as a bird sanctuary will give much impetus to bird study in Maine, as Gorham, long known as the seat of a State Normal school, is only ten miles from Portland.



LONG-EARED MULE DEER IN A COY MOOD

Read about the recent hunters' orgy in Massachusetts as told on page 137

THE BAT'S FLIGHT

L. E. EUBANKS

BATS are the only mammals to whom locomotion in the air is natural, and we know less about their flight than that of other flying creatures. The popular belief is that all bats are fast and tireless fliers, but this is incorrect. Some of the large varieties, especially those of Malaysia and South America, are comparatively strong and swift, but the smaller kind with which we Americans are familiar cannot fly for more than ten minutes without complete exhaustion.

The bat's flight is less a flight than a flutter—a sort of "stationary flight," something like that of a butterfly hovering over a flower. The impression of speed is an optical illusion, caused by the dizzy, erratic movements.

As one writer has said, if the wings of a bat left a track in the air we would see a fascinating and amazing labyrinth. The course is in first one direction then another, a succession of leaps, falls and turns in the air. A bat loops the loop and skids much as an aviator does when he puts his plane through a series of gymnastic stunts.

In truth, the little bat should be pitied, for it is one of nature's most helpless creatures. The movements of its flight are the same as birds passed through when they ceased to be reptiles and took to the air; but the bat's methods have remained crude. And he is no better off on the ground than in the air, for his legs are merely rudimentary, being so short and having so little latitude of action as to be almost useless.

When a little bat flies into your house don't be frightened; there is nothing to fear. Watch the poor creature for a few minutes and you will see how quickly it tires. Very soon, unless it finds an exit, it has to settle. It fastens itself on the edge of something like a shelf, and gives up. Don't kill the poor thing; liberate him, for his bad reputation is mostly unmerited.

Concerning Cows

WALTER A. DYER

Author of "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium" and many other books and stories

THE other day a man drove through our street with a cow hitched to the rear of his wagon by means of a heavy chain. The chain was drawn so short that the cow could scarcely walk without bumping her head against the wagon body and it was fastened so tightly around her neck that it bit deep into the folds of her flesh. She walked stumbingly, with head held low, and appeared to be in distress.

I think I know what had happened. Somewhere back on the road the cow had become a bit unruly, protesting against being dragged along she knew not whither, away from her pasture and her stall. The constant tug annoyed her. She danced about a bit; perhaps she shied at an automobile and nearly got herself loose. At any rate she roused the man's ire. He leaped from his seat, drew up the chain with a cruel jerk, and cried, "Now, dern ye, we'll see if ye'll lead!"

It is curious how quickly some men will become angry when a cow dares to assert her right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. There are plenty of men, too, who will lose their tempers and abuse a horse or a dog, but there is something about a cow that is apparently even more infuriating. Perhaps it is because the animal is usually so docile. At any rate, I have known men to fly into the most unreasoning passion because of the disobedience of a cow. I know men who, if the flies bother and the cow kicks during milking, will leap up and beat the tethered animal over the head with the milking-stool—"giving her something that she'll remember." Doubtless she will remember, and her faith in mankind will never be the same again. Somehow this sort of thing seems to me the last word in cowardice.

I have owned and milked three cows in the past ten years. Two of them I raised from calfhood and I am now raising a third. I know how exasperating they can be on occasion. My "Dinah" is tremendously big and strong. If she gets a glimpse of windfall apples while I am leading her, there is absolutely no holding her back. She is a bit fractious, too, especially when she is fresh and tender, and she hates to stand still after she has finished her grain. At first I have to strap her hind legs together before I can milk her. But do I take advantage of her helpless condition to beat her? I cannot think of anything that would give me a deeper sense of shame.

Some of my neighbors are afraid of Dinah, and I have trouble to find anyone to help me out with the milking when I go away, but that is because they don't know Dinah. She is terrifying to look at, but she is not vicious. Her worst fault is a somewhat clumsy and inconsiderate playfulness. I have spoiled her, I suppose, with my petting and nonsense, so that she likes to take advantage of me, just as a human being would, but her instincts are not wicked. If she catches me with her horn by mistake in her elephantine gambols, she looks positively remorseful. The fact is that Dinah loves me as she loves no other creature on earth. There is something vastly pleasing and consoling in that knowledge. Sobering, too.

Perhaps you don't know that cows can

express positive affection? A good deal has been written about the devotion of the dog, also of the horse and the cat and the elephant. What has been written about the cow has been chiefly picturesque or humorous. Her aspect of contentment and contemplation as she placidly chews her cud, her calm efficiency in motherhood, the herd's faculty of composing itself in artistic arrangements in the pasture—these things have been noted, but not the cow's capacity for loving.

I suppose most people don't know their cows as well as I know mine, and so have had no opportunity to make this discovery. You can't know cows in a herd very intimately; it is only the single family cow that really comes close to you.

I have learned some things about the intelligence and affection of cows that might surprise you. If I had space I could recount anecdotes of Matilda and Nancy and Dinah that would convince you, I believe, that cows possess not only some of the finer attributes of character, but also great individuality. Cows, though they possess many traits in common, are just as unlike one another as people are.

I should like to have you watch me when I go out at milking time. Cows are not demonstrative like dogs, but you should see Dinah lean gently against me as I fix the tie-rope over her horns; you should see her respond when I say, "Put your foot back"; you should see her look around at me with great, beautiful, understanding eyes. And when the milking is over, she never goes back to her hay until I have performed the rite of petting, scratching her forehead and patting her neck and talking foolishness to her, and she has kissed me with her long, rough tongue.

Imagine tying Dinah short and beating her over the head! What brutes these mortals be!

THE WORKING BABOONS

ON certain Egyptian monuments are carved, both in outline and in relief, representations of baboons in trees collecting fruit and passing it down to slaves waiting below. This seems difficult to reconcile with the fact that the baboon was regarded as a sacred animal in very ancient Egyptian days together with many other animals. Indeed we read that Egyptians in those early days consecrated the baboons to their god "Thoth," and erected in the city of Thebes a special cemetery, or necropolis, where their mummified bodies were preserved. Well, we are glad that once they had their day.



SERENITY

THE WINTER BREAD LINE

WHEN zero weather comes around
And sharp blasts sting like poison arrows,
I sweep the snow from off the ground
And scatter bits of food for sparrows.

I do not hold in high regard
These saucy feathered importations.
Yet, when they call at my back yard,
I can't resist their supplications.

All other birds, as autumn comes,
Sing "Au Revoir, the Cold Might Hurt Us,"
And pack their pipes and reeds and drums,
Ascend in flight, and thus desert us.

Not so the city sparrows; they
Remain right here for friendly visit;
When I exclaim, "It's cold today,"
They chirp in cheery answer, "Is it?"

At least it sounds like that to me;
And, once their luncheon they've forsaken,
They thank me from our backyard tree—
Or else I'm very much mistaken.

—Detroit Free Press

AGAIN THE SPARROW

A NEW YORK STATE friend writes us in behalf of the much maligned English sparrow. "I have seen little Mrs. English Sparrow come to the feeding station followed by three baby birds, not her own, and which she fed. When I saw this, I said to her, 'You are a little immigrant like all of us and I'm proud of your taking care of other people's children. You have become really a true American.'"

MR. Hoover says, with reference to a possible next war, "The mobilization of a whole people into war," that is the new plan, "the inventions of science turned to destruction and the killing of men, will make any other great war a cemetery of civilization." The latest war not only put civilization into the hospital but on the danger list.

THE birds are our good friends.



A BROOD OF LUSTY YOUNG BLUE JAYS PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE ENJOYING A NAP

Photographing Young Birds

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

YOUNG birds, both in and out of the nest, offer many splendid opportunities for photographic work, and if one is careful the taking of the pictures does the youngsters no harm. The older the young birds are, the less danger there is of causing them any discomfort. But the older they are, the harder it is to secure their pictures. The young of most birds, when just hatched and for a week or more thereafter, lie still in the nest, where they may be easily photographed, but older birds may attempt to run or fly away. The most important thing to remember when taking pictures of very young birds is that they suffer if exposed to the sun or cold for any length of time.

Young birds shortly before reaching maturity, when about to leave the nest of their own accord, may either be photographed in the nest or they may be perched on a branch. Pictures showing birds in the nest are, to my way of thinking, better than posed pictures, since they show the birds in natural positions in natural places. If young birds are taken from the nest for pictures they should be handled carefully or they become unmanageable. The photographer must avoid sudden moves and should pet the youngsters a little.

But the purpose of this article is to advocate the taking of pictures of young birds without touching them or interfering with them in any way. The accompanying picture of the young blue jays shows that young birds in the nest make pleasing and interesting pictures. These youngsters were not touched, though I took a dozen or more pictures of them. They moved about from time to time arranging themselves differently, thus giving me a variety of pictures of the youngsters in a number of poses—and the birds suffered no discomfort because of the work.

The picture of the young rose-breasted grosbeak shows what may often be done with birds just out of the nest. I was out on a long bird hike last June when I heard a peculiar



THIS YOUNG GROSBEEK SAT FOR A NUMBER OF EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS

and out of the ordinary bird note. I stopped, stood still and listened to the notes, finally discovering the young bird responsible for them perched on the lower wire of a near-by fence. The peculiar tufts of feathers above the bird's eyes caused me at first to think I had found a young owl, the young of one of our smallest eared owls. But upon examining it more closely, I suspected it of being a young grosbeak. The appearance of an anxious male rose-breasted grosbeak soon verified my identification. I took a number of pictures of the little fellow, who did not seem at all alarmed. He watched my moves, occasionally chirping as when I first heard him. After taking a few pictures of him, I left him just where I found him. Needless to say, young birds can thus be photographed to advantage without causing them the least bit of alarm or discomfort. One actually hunts birds with a camera when photographing them in this way. And hunting birds and animals with a camera is a type of hunting that must be done more and more in preference to other kinds of hunting, if we are to save the remnants of some species of birds and animals that are now on the road to extinction.

PEWEE

IS it a wish—that tiny tin whistle
Out on a leafless branch throwing a missile,
Wrapped in a dip and a lift, like a bow
Of rain turned somersault, curve down below:
Tip-dip-tipping a phrase and a blow,
Releasing a flute in a piccolo,
And striking an ear with a short, thin dart,
Pinning a secret one hides in a heart?
If it isn't a wish, why does it tarry?
If it wasn't fulfilled, how far did it carry?
Was it too stunted to be sentimental?
Or much too local to be continental?

ALFRED KREYMBORG

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1926

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

TWO convictions in one month were secured recently by our Society for cropping dogs' ears.

IT'S interesting to learn from Kenneth Murdock's recent biography of him that here in Boston 250 years ago Increase Mather deemed the dignity of his pulpit in no wise lowered by a sermon against cruelty to animals.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY'S appeal for the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund is well called "convincing and almost eloquent." Unless such appeals are heeded, our wild life will soon be a thing of the past. When there's nothing more to hunt, what will the hunters do?

A LETTER from the Secretary of War to President Horton of the American Humane Association states that army animals cannot be used in rodeos and further that rules and regulations had been formulated which would prevent the use of government horses and troops in the making of films.

STANTON AND LINCOLN

STANTON once said of Lincoln that he was "a low, cunning clown," gave him the nickname of "the original gorilla," said that Du Chaillu was a fool to wander all the way to Africa in search of what he could easily have found in Springfield, Illinois. Lincoln made him Secretary of War. Standing, years after, by the bedside of the dead President, we are told Stanton said: "There lies the greatest ruler of men the world has ever seen."

It is hard for us to believe it now, but few men have been denounced in bitterer, crueler, more scurrilous terms than was Abraham Lincoln in his day by certain of his political enemies. Even such epithets as "fiend," "bloodthirsty tyrant," and "usurper of the Constitution" were applied to him. Many a crown of thorns have the impartial and inexorable years of Truth transformed into one radiant with the light of immortality!

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the name of the donors.

THE ANNUAL SLAUGHTER

YEAR by year, after protecting them for eleven months, we turn several thousand hunters, men and boys, into the woods to maim and kill the beautiful deer that have made the state their home. No doubt deer do damage to young fruit trees and gardens. Indeed, we know it from personal observation. But this damage is greatly exaggerated, especially by many farmers who want reimbursement, and by those who want an excuse to shoot them.

This year the situation was aggravated by reason of opening a state reservation where the deer had been protected for eight years. More than a thousand men, about one to every nine acres, invaded this section at daylight and earlier, Monday morning, the day the ban was lifted. How many deer were killed no man will ever know; probably 50 will be near the number. There are men who pay no attention to the requirement to report to the state within twenty-four hours if they kill a deer. How many of these poor creatures were wounded and fled or crawled away to die, this, too, no man will ever know.

Upon the Governor's acceptance of our offer to send two of our best officers to make a careful investigation, we did so, and the day after he received our report he closed the reservation. As a whole, the press was against this inroad upon the region so long protected. Of course there are those who think the Governor should not have interfered. We believe, however, that his action met with the heartiest approval of the great mass of our citizens.

For our own part we wish the deer of New England could all be quickly and painlessly put to sleep. Then the annual slaughter would end. To die a sudden and painless death from a bullet is one thing; to be pursued and shot at, often by boys who hardly know how to handle a gun, to be maimed and wounded and to drag out hours and days and maybe weeks of suffering before death comes is quite another.

Here is a story that speaks for itself: A case at this writing is before Judge Charles L. Hibbard of this state, where two men are claiming the same dead deer. There was evidence that six men were stationed near a wire fence and close by a run in October Mountain state forest; that when the buck appeared ten shots were fired and it was still galloping with a broken leg when finally it fell on the eleventh shot fired by Daly, who took the carcass home. Dapson had it replevined and it is now in cold storage. The deer left a long trail of blood in the snow.

Of course there will doubtless be deer hunting in Massachusetts as long as there is a deer to be shot. We know of no way to stop it while farmers claim they suffer from depredations. But when it comes to destroying them in a long-protected reservation, why should not the proper authorities appoint a number of thoroughly competent gunners to do this work instead of turning loose a small army, only a few of whom are worthy to be thought of as sportsmen?

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago one wrote a pamphlet entitled 'An Old Fox Tarred and Feathered.' Who was the 'Old Fox' against whom the author was so bitter? John Wesley. Who wanted this 'Old Fox' tarred and feathered? Toplady, who wrote 'Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me.'

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE

THAT Italy should remove from Bozen in the South Tyrol the statue of Walter von der Vogelweide the twelfth century bard and bird lover who "tuned his merry note unto the sweet bird's throat," and replace it with a statue of King Emmanuel, seems incredible. Sore at heart as are the people of the Tyrol at the transfer of their land to Italy, they have suffered quite enough without having forced upon them additional evidence of Italy's disregard of their deepest and most sacred national feelings. Walter von der Vogelweide has been called the greatest minnesinger and the leading lyric poet of Germany.

DR. CADMAN AND THE ANIMALS

OF course we wrote Dr. Cadman after his address on animals which was broadcast so widely one Sunday afternoon in early December. Our readers will doubtless be glad to see his reply:

My dear Dr. Rowley,

Thank you very much for your splendid letter which I assure you is greatly appreciated. If I have been of any help in any way, I assure you I am amply repaid in every way.

With every blessing for a happy Christmas, I am,

Cordially yours,
(Signed) S. PARKES CADMAN

A YOUNG HERO

THE name of Santi Violanti, fifteen years of age, of Dedham, Mass., deserves a place among the names of the world's heroes. A group of young lads was playing on the ice last month. One of them, Peter Coccia, eight, was carried by his running slide beyond the ice and into the water. Frightened, the rest, all but young Santi, ran away; he, hurrying to the shore, and seizing a pole, rushed to the relief of his little friend, hoping that Peter could lay hold of it and so be saved. Alas, the ice gave way and he, too, went down into the freezing water and both were drowned. Brave, heroic, young Santi, you have surely found your place among the immortals!

A WORTHY MEMORIAL

PLYMOUTH BEACH, a two-mile projection of land in Plymouth Harbor, will be established as a bird sanctuary in honor of Charles S. Purinton. The property was given to the club by Charles A. Purinton for his father. In announcing the gift Mr. Fletcher of the Federated Bird Clubs said:

This is one of the most important gifts this federation has received, for it is a natural resting and nesting place for wild sea-birds. The piping plover, the common tern, the roseate tern and the least tern nest on this strip of land, and it has been for years a place for migrants to rest during their flight, both spring and autumn. There will be no shooting allowed at any time of the year, and there will be no trespassing during the breeding season of the shore birds, but at other times the public will be allowed to use this beach, as heretofore, for picnic purposes, as Mr. Purinton has specified.

We trust that the arrangements are such that these sanctuaries can never be thrown open for hunting purposes. If not, they might better never be established.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
WALTER M. KENDALL, *Treasurer*
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MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	708
Animals examined	4,993
Number of prosecutions	24
Number of convictions	23
Horses taken from work	74
Horses humanely put to sleep	211
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,047
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	20,683
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	100

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during December of \$250 from Mrs. C. C. C.; \$100 each from Dr. W. L. R., Mrs. T. H. F., and Mrs. L. D. M.; \$50 each from Mrs. M. B. C., Women's Auxiliary, Mrs. C. H. W., Mrs. D. N., Mrs. D. B. H.; \$35 each from Mrs. F. E. M. and Miss G. F.; \$32.50 from M. E. B.; \$30 from Miss S. A. D.; \$25 each from Miss A. M. D., J. F. L., S. A. H., Mr. and Mrs. C. F. E., G. H. T., Mrs. L. M. Q., Mrs. E. T., A. J. R., Miss M. J., H. H., Mrs. A. C. B., and Miss C. W. B.; and \$20 each from Mrs. A. T. P. and W. W. C.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Mary W. Newell of Concord and Mrs. Cynthia Kirby of New Bedford.

The American Humane Education Society received \$100 each from Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., and Mrs. A. W. M.

January 12, 1926.

"Be Kind to Animals" Week, April 12-17; Humane Sunday, April 11, 1926.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100
Veterinarians
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.
HARRY L. ALLEN *Superintendent*
FREE Dispensary for Animals
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.
Advice for sick or injured animals.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	634	Cases	1,554
Dogs	449	Dogs	1,255
Cats	148	Cats	285
Horses	26	Birds	8
Birds	6	Horses	3
Reindeer	1	Camel	1
Cow	1	Monkey	1
Monkey	1	Rabbit	1
Pig	1		
Rabbit	1		
Operations	483		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15	53,371		
Free Dispensary cases	79,449		
Total	132,820		

TRAGEDY OF THE LOST DOG

THE following letter was addressed to each of the editors of the Boston daily newspapers and was published by them in December:

I wonder if you will be kind enough once more to insert the following, which means a great deal in the course of the year to a multitude of unfortunate dogs:

The Lost Dog

Cruel as it is to inflict physical suffering on the dog, it is equally cruel to let him loose upon the street with nothing upon his collar to identify him in case he is lost.

We are repeatedly having dogs brought to us or are called to come and get them—fine dogs, dogs evidently out of good homes, which are without a collar or with a collar on which there is no trace of the owner's name or address, or even a license number.

Few objects are more worthy of pity than the lost dog with the appealing look of anxiety and alarm in his eyes as he darts here and there vainly searching for his master or for the way home.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President,
Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

A PRELATE of New Zealand some years ago during the bitter controversy in England over various Biblical and theological matters was warned that if he persisted in his course, his salary would be cut down. He replied, "You can get very good fish here in the bay, and I know a place in the woods where you can dig up roots you can eat."

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

SHALL I MEET MY DOG?

SIR Squire Bancroft, the well-known English actor and theater manager, in "Empty Chairs," tells the story of John Hare, who was seldom seen without his dog, one day asking an Archdeacon who was visiting him and who also was a great lover of dogs and all animals, "Do you really believe, Archdeacon, in a hereafter for our dogs?" "Indeed I do!" "But do you mean I shall meet my dog again?" "Undoubtedly, if you are good enough," was the reply.

With this may go the following from "My Education and Religion" by Dr. George A. Gordon of Boston. Speaking of his childhood he tells us of a "mighty Newfoundland dog whose companionship was a delight," and says, "Gardie," for that was his name, has a permanent place in a grateful and dear memory. It seems cruel to think that so much intelligence, affection, mirth, frolic, and serious worth should be lost to the universe. Perhaps "Gardie" still lives somewhere. If so, may I meet again that massive and tender soul!" We believe the dear Doctor is "good enough" to cherish this hope.

AN ECHO OF TENNYSON

MANY are familiar with Tennyson's poem "In the Children's Hospital." In this poem the surgeon, "Fresh from the surgery schools of France," and who had just operated upon a sadly injured little lad, replies to an expression of the nurse,

"All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day,"
and the nurse is represented as saying to herself,

"Had? Has it come? It has only dawned. It will come by and by."

Place beside this the words of Kedar Nath Das Gupta, speaking for the Hindu faith at a recent meeting where followers of many religions spoke of their debt to Christianity. He said, "The highest ideal of Hinduism finds full expression in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. He has not yet come. Only his luggage has arrived. Men do not know what is in it. When they do know there will be no more war."

ST. ANTOY AND THE ANIMALS

AN old classmate, a German, sends us the following:

It may interest you to read of a ceremony which Goethe witnessed in Rome, January 17, 1787, and which he describes in his "Travels in Italy."

The Abbot St. Antoy is the patron saint of the four-footed creatures, and his festival is a Saturnalian holiday for the otherwise burdened animals, as also for their drivers and keepers. All the gentry must remain at home today or go on foot.

The church is located in an outlying, almost desolate place; but today it is most merrily enlivened. Horses and mules, whose manes and tails are beautifully braided with ribbons, are led before the little chapel, where a priest, provided with a tub of holy water and a whisk, gives the lively creatures a generous sprinkling. Donkeys and horned animals also receive their modest share of this blessing.

Devout coachmen bring smaller or larger candles and the masters send alms and gifts.

Remember the American Humane Education Society when making your will.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Greenville, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

AN EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW

THE Humane Society of Berks County, Reading, Pennsylvania, has issued cards to the police officers of the County bearing the words:

Laws of the State of Pennsylvania

The police force of the City of Reading and County of Berks shall, as occasion may require, assist the Humane Society, its members or agents in the enforcement of all laws which are, or may hereafter be enacted, for the protection of dumb animals.

With this goes the following:

This meets with the entire approval of the Chief of Police and every member of his force will join the Society this coming year, having been given a special reduced rate as an incentive to join.

NEW SECRETARY IN PITTSBURGH

William F. H. Wentzel Appointed to Western Pennsylvania Humane Society

A FIELD representative of the American Humane Education Society, Mr. William F. H. Wentzel, has been appointed secretary of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society of Pittsburgh to succeed the late John S. Ritenour. Mr. Wentzel, who has recently been head of the social science department in the George Westinghouse High School of Pittsburgh, will assume his new duties February 1. He comes with wide practical experience, as he was formerly state agent of the Humane Association of New York and, later, director of humane education in the moral welfare work of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Wentzel has always stressed the importance of humane education and has given many addresses on this subject before schools and general audiences. He has written many helpful articles, several published in pamphlet form, of which "The Ten Commandments of Kindness" has attracted special attention. His voice has been heard repeatedly on the radio in behalf of animal protection. As secretary of the Pittsburgh Society he will be free to extend the present program of humane education, and expects to spend much time in public speaking throughout Pennsylvania and adjacent states.

FROM MISS MARY McSKIMMON

WE are glad to share with our readers another letter from Miss McSkimmon which tells eloquently of the interest of the President of the National Education Association in humane education. It is a reply to a letter to her sent by President Rowley of the American Humane Education Society:

Please accept my cordial thanks for your kind letter and sincere gratitude for all the delight I have had in your wonderful posters, *Our Dumb Animals*, as well as the other splendid contributions to the helping of us all to understand more clearly our relations to these silent and faithful friends of mankind.

Everywhere across the country from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, I have been speaking of the development of fine character among the children of America as the hope of not only our own land but of the world. And everywhere, great audiences have risen to the appreciation of the absolute truth of what you have said, that kindness toward all defenseless life is always a double blessing upon them who offer as well as upon those who receive it.

The posters came to school with me this morning, for I am spending a few days with my own children at the Pierce School before taking up the National Education Association work in Washington again, and I am looking forward to the rapture of the children of this school when they have the chance sometime today of studying with me your beautiful posters.

Please accept my renewed expression of gratitude, not only for your kindness to me, but for the ideal of finer living that your service is bringing to so many in every part of our land.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) MARY McSKIMMON, President

MANY a man knows what Charles Lamb meant when he said that he felt like saying grace over his books.

ANIMAL WELFARE WEEK IN NEW ZEALAND

FROM our corresponding representative in New Zealand, Mr. J. A. Forbes of Oamaru, comes this interesting account of the observance of Animal Welfare Week in that country:

"We have just had our third Animal Welfare Week throughout the Dominion. Each year it is pleasing to note the increased interest that is shown and public sympathy awakened, all betokening a happier and better life for the dumb and defenseless. The Education Boards co-operated more or less actively, and school teachers generally observed "Humane Day in Schools" on October 30, some of them sending to us for literature. Newspapers also did their part, editors of papers either writing articles or making some reference to the event. In a number of cases sermons were preached and addresses given on the subject.

"In January we are holding in Dunedin the first conference in New Zealand of all the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, at which I will submit my report of Animal Welfare Week. Delegates are expected to be present from all the societies, and we are hoping that some good work will be done there. We need a central body to represent all the different societies, and we trust this will be formed at this Conference."

MR. PARKER IN THE PHILIPPINES

IT is good to know we have such men as Mr. Luther Parker, acting division superintendent of schools in Nueva Ecija, Philippine Islands, in the public service of our country. In reporting a list of Bands of Mercy formed this year in his schools, and enclosing cards showing his unique records of Junior Red Cross service and character-building for pupils, Mr. Parker writes:—

"If the world is to be freed from future wars, the foundation for that condition must be laid firmly in the minds of the children through character-building activities in the schools and homes.

"I believe this will be the next big educational movement. I can see signs of the awakening in the advanced schools of America.

"I have been at this type of work here in the Philippines for the past eighteen years. I began in 1907 as principal of the Bacolor Trade School, where I formed a pupils' self-governing body to help me in the discipline of the school. It worked well and I have never wavered in my belief that only this type of education will solve our so-called 'Philippine problem' of teaching the people here effective self-government."

NEW HUMANE WORKER

GREATLY interested in humane education, Miss Eleanor Marshall of Edgewater, Florida, spent some time last December in visiting schools about Boston in company with Miss Ella A. Maryott, organizer of Bands of Mercy. Later Miss Marshall, on her way South, gave talks in schools in Ashland and other New Jersey towns. When in Philadelphia she accompanied Miss Murray, instructor for the Women's S. P. C. A., to see how humane education is presented in the schools there. In this manner Miss Marshall acquired a practical knowledge of the work, to which she seems well adapted and for which we hope she may find an opening later.

THE NATURALIST AND THE LIZARD

WILLIAM BEEBE, in the *Adelphi*, tells a beautiful story of the power certain creatures possess to escape detection by what he speaks of as camouflage. He says:

I was walking along a trail after a shower, looking idly at a big, palmated leaf at my very elbow when there suddenly materialized upon it a large lizard. It was one of the most beautiful of all lizards, and fortunately had been named with imagination—*Polychrus marmoratus*—the many-colored marble one. It was sprawled flat upon the great green expanse, its scales shimmering leaf-green, with enough spots here and there to be a convincing portion of the full-grown, insect-defaced foliage. I leaned toward it and it began slowly to creep away. The long, slender tail was curled and twisted into a lifeless tendril, and the toes dangled half in mid-air like no imaginable piece of any live reptile. Progress was by means of the forefeet alone, one after the other being pushed ahead stealthily, taking hold and dragging the rest of the creature onward. The body, hind legs and tail simply scraped over the leaf.

When it reached the thick brown twig, magic began before our eyes—for fortunately I had two companions to share this wonder. As it left the green tissue and crawled slowly along the twig its course was traceable not only by its position in space but by most exquisitely adjusted and timed pigmental change—at the exact edge of the leaf the green gradually faded and a wave of brown swept down the reptile. Never have I seen a more perfect use of oblitative color. The whole soul of the lizard on the leaf was concentrated in his half-closed eyes watching my every motion, yet it must have been through the eye alone that the amazingly accurate somatic color change was dictated and regulated. Here was surely the ultimate example of vegetable imitation, twigs, leaves—both green and brown—tendrils swaying movement, all in one organism. Not for anything would I have betrayed the lizard's trust in the magnificent shield which nature had built up about it. We pretended to be completely deceived and left it—an irregular bit of half-greenness on the second leaf, and half-brownness on the twig.

PRIZE POSTER CONTEST

THE Humane Poster Contest for this year, under the auspices of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., will be open to pupils of High and Grammar Grades in all the public and parochial schools in Massachusetts.

The awards, which will be distributed liberally in every school entering the contest, will consist of handsome medals, especially designed for the purpose. Honorable Mentions, to be awarded by one year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals* (value, \$1.00), will be given in every room of every school entering at least three posters. The results will be announced early in Be Kind to Animals Week, April 12 to 17, 1926.

The prize-winning posters will be on exhibition at the Fine Arts Department, Boston Public Library, April 12-18, 1926, and the best of them will be sent to the American Humane Association, Albany, New York, to compete for prizes offered in the national contest.

For full particulars of the contest write to the Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

"A MODEL ABATTOIR"

A GREAT reform in the slaughter of animals for food purposes in England is soon to be undertaken, with the practical assurance of "the model abattoir" at Letchworth by the Animal Defence Society. Extensive plans, long in the making, to improve and humanize methods of slaughter and to place England at least on a plane with continental nations, in this respect, are approaching fulfillment. It is purposed to demonstrate humane slaughter of animals and the hygienic treatment of meat by methods befitting a civilized country, in a perfectly appointed, model slaughter-house.

With the completion and operation of this abattoir it is reasonably expected that many private slaughter-houses, wherein inefficient, unsanitary and inhumane practices still obtain, will be eliminated, and that there will follow the establishment of public abattoirs at least in the more populous centers of meat consumption.

The Animal Defence Society is laying the foundation for a better future in an industry that has involved a vast amount of unnecessary suffering and distress to the innocent victims of man's appetite. Although bitterly opposed by the slaughtering interests and organized meat trade, the promoters of "the model abattoir" are receiving substantial support through their broad appeal for funds. Subscriptions for the erection of the buildings and requisite machinery for operation are invited of all "those who believe in the spirit of pity." Donations are received by the Duchess of Hamilton and Miss Lindaf-Hageby.

"We believe," states the prospectus of this great humane enterprise, "that the Model Abattoir at Letchworth will be a practical demonstration of the utmost value to the cause of slaughter reform, and hasten the day when every town in Great Britain has its humanely-conducted Public Abattoir, and the private slaughter-house is abolished."

VENERABLE OFFICER RETIRES

AT the age of eighty-four, Mr. J. H. Karnes retired last November as humane officer of the Kenosha County Branch of the Wisconsin Humane Society. For sixteen years, since the Branch was organized, he had faithfully carried on the work, which includes both child and animal protection.

In commenting on his resignation, the *Kenosha Evening News* said editorially:

"It was all placed before the board just as quietly as it could be done, but the dramatic angle could not be obscured for those who knew how for years 'Jim' Karnes had been wrapped up in the work of this office and had done his task so efficiently that he had put an end to many of the cruelties towards animals which were commonly practised when he started the work sixteen years ago. They recalled that no night had ever been so cold that 'Jim' Karnes would not go out to secure warm shelter for horses who were reported to him to be without it; they knew that many a puppy owed his life to the vigilance of this officer, or if it had to die, was given a death as much without pain as possible. They knew that his acts of kindness extended wherever he saw an opportunity to use his office to protect helpless animals, who had been unfortunate enough to become the property of ungrateful or improvident masters."

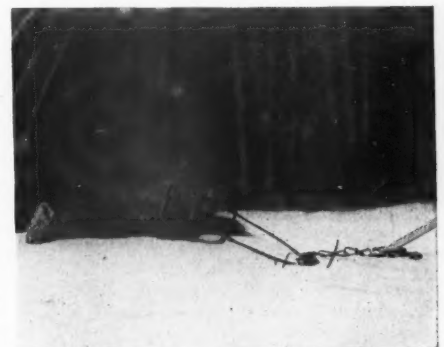
TRAPPING THE MARTEN

In a copy of *Our Dumb Animals* sent me by a friend some time ago, I noticed "A Trapper's Confession," where during the cold weather a trapper had sprung his entire line of traps. I'm sorry to say that is not the custom in this part of the country. Trappers here visit their traps about every two or three weeks and any fur-bearer caught has to remain there until death comes to its relief, either from freezing or from pain of the broken limb, for I have noticed on different trapped animals found dead, how the injured limb was swollen up into the body. Do they suffer from the cold while alive in traps? Yes!



MR. HYNES AND HIS PET MARTEN

A trapper who brought me a female marten with a badly frozen foot told me how this little animal had crawled back into the hole in the stump and had pushed rotten wood into the opening to keep out the cold. This was after she had fought for hours to free herself. I believe him, for my marten, of which I enclose a picture, does the same thing with his nest in extremely cold weather. This marten was never caught in a steel trap, therefore he has the use of his four feet. He was on the point of being killed for his fur when I bought him. He has the run of a shed, 90 x 25 feet, and seems satisfied with his lot.



VICTIM OF THE STEEL TRAP

The female marten shown in the other picture was found dead in a steel trap. She was caught by the hind leg and as the weather was not very cold, she simply died from the pain.

If women could once see the struggles of these little animals in their fight for liberty as I have seen them (I have trapped. Please note the word *have*)—they would surely refuse to purchase furs procured by the cruel steel traps.

CLAUDE HYNES

Kedgwick, N. B.

PRACTICAL FRIEND OF DOGS

DR. ARTHUR HUDSON, of Newton, Mass., is a great lover of dogs and has a fund of anecdotes regarding some of his canine friends. Years ago a resident of Chapel Street, Nonantum, owned a large dog which was brought to the doctor one day to be treated for a severe cut. This dog, a very intelligent animal, was brought several times to the doctor for further treatment. Dr. Hudson giving his services gratis. Some weeks later he was greatly surprised to receive a visit from this animal one day. The surprise was occasioned not because his former dumb patient should come to see him, but because he brought with him another dog with a badly bruised paw. You can't convince Dr. Hudson that dogs don't think.

THOMAS HARDY'S DOG

THE dogs of fiction are innumerable and some literary historian might make a pleasant book about the famous tikes from Bill Sikes' dog to "Owd Bob." One can think offhand of dozens—Dora's "Gyp" in "David Copperfield," "Boxer" in "The Cricket on the Hearth," the majestic hound in "Shirley," Jack London's "White Fang," and so on. There is, however, one real dog which must have its place in the anthology. This is "Wessex," the dog which guards Mr. Thomas Hardy's Dorsetshire home. He, too, has been celebrated in literature, for his master has written a set of verses about him, and these are printed in "The Flying Carpet," a most interesting volume which has been designed by Miss Cynthia Asquith for Messrs. Partridge. "A Popular Personage at Home" is the amusing title of Mr. Hardy's poem.

—John o' London's Weekly

WORTH QUOTING

IN "Dogs and Men," May Ansell says, "Much talking is only noise. A really nice dog only barks when he wants to express something. Very few people talk for that reason. Sometimes a dog is silent for hours. You seldom find a human so considerate."

What will you do to make Be Kind to Animals Week (April 12-17) a success in your community?

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

What and Where is a Dog's Place?

DAVID LEE WHARTON

IT is not at all unusual to hear some one, in speaking of dogs, remark with an air of great condescension, "I like dogs, but I like them in their place." Now just what does that mean? As a rule it means, apparently, that dogs should be denied all affection and kept beyond the pale of human companionship, that most precious possession of a dog's heart.

If, at the time, there should chance to be a puppy reposing contentedly in one of the most comfortable chairs in the room, or, as sometimes happens, upon his master's couch itself, the speaker is likely to add in accusing tones, that

position, were quoted with humorous (?) comments thereupon. One which expressed a hope of, and faith in, a future meeting, particularly aroused his risibilities. It was a pitiful attempt at humor, ridiculing as it did, one of the most sacred of sentiments—grief for a friend who has entered the gates of death.

Considering the season of the year which is now upon us, bringing in its wake untold suffering to the subhuman race, particularly domestic animals in cities, we may well ask ourselves, literally, "Where is a dog's place?" Unless his human friends do their duty, a privilege as well as duty, there is truly

no place where a homeless dog may find comfort and shelter. The cellar door is securely fastened, also the garage. If the wanderer lies shivering through the night upon some one's door mat, he must flee even that poor refuge when daylight appears, or risk being driven off with blows and curses.

Even those who own a dog, are they always careful to see to it that he has a comfortable place to sleep? that his drinking water is always fresh? that his dish is kept clean? A dog enjoys his meals much more if



THE NOBLE ST. BERNARD

he, or she, "Hates to see a dog treated like a human being." Why any one should object to seeing dogs treated with the same kindness which we bestow upon humans, and which is all too little, is incomprehensible. Do dogs not treat us with as much consideration as do our human associates? This is putting it mildly, for no man has ever received at the hands of a dog the brand of treatment which has been handed him by his human acquaintances, even those who claim to be his friends.

The kindest treatment which it is in the power of man to bestow upon dogs could never repay his obligation to them.

There are those, strange to say, who consider that a dog has absolutely no place in the world, in life or death, no right, even, to a few feet of earth in which his lifeless body may be laid by his friends. And how rarely is the Angel of death allowed to come voluntarily to a dog, to any animal in fact? But in the case of a dog especially, his "Being's door is battered down" by gun, juggernaut, or poison in the hands of some higher (?) animal.

And his exit, generally, is as unnoted as was his entrance, except by that One in whose memory even the fallen sparrow lives.

An article appeared, some time since, in several of the daily papers, entitled, "Amusing epitaphs in a dog cemetery." The writer, whose name was not given, had paid a visit to a cemetery for small animals, and a number of epitaphs, beautiful in sentiment and com-

eaten out of a clean dish. Does not the golden rule apply to subhuman beings also? Is it polite to eat in the presence of a dog as he watches each bite so wistfully, and never offer him a morsel? True politeness is not limited to man.

When we treat a dog with rudeness and he looks shamefacedly at us, as he wags his tail gently, he is apologizing for us, not for himself. When we provide food and shelter for an animal, we are only giving him that which is rightfully his and the greater pleasure is, or should be, ours.

A dog's place, rightfully, is not so very different from that of a man's. He, too, is entitled to the reward of his labors, to bodily comfort, affection, and protection.

A dog will lay down his life, if necessary, in defense of his friends and their possessions, and it is man's duty to protect him in return from neglect and abuse, and to make a dog's "place" as comfortable and happy as possible during the short span of his earthly life.

In the "house of his pilgrimage" one should entertain, as an honored and permanent guest, duty, especially toward the speechless and defenseless subhuman kin, among whom there is no nobler or more devoted than the dog.

HE who shows kindness to a dog will not do less towards the good among his fellows.

SADI

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS

WE are glad to publish the following by a deeply interested humanitarian who has sent it to us; we are compelled to abbreviate for lack of space:

Saint Francis of Assisi, Saint Anthony of Padua, Saint Hubert, Saint Marcus (A. D. 462), Saint Godric, of England, and others have all been well known as protectors and benefactors of animals.

Pope Pius V, in 1567, issued a formal condemnation of bull-fights and the torture of other wild beasts, and demanded that such exhibitions should cease. He threatened "excommunication and anathema" for all who took part in such performance, and forbade Christian burial to all those who were killed in bull-fights.

Pope Paul XI became illustrious as the friend and protector of animals.

The Vatican has recently condemned bull-fights in France and Spain and their encouragement by the clergy.

Pope Benedict XV went further.

He contributed 2,000 lire to the Italian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the civilized world will always be grateful to him because of his strong and gentle response to the president of the S. P. C. A. of Toulon, France, in regard to the bull-fight and other cruelties:

"The Vatican, October 23, 1920

"Madame:

"What you have asked of the Holy Father on the anniversary of the good saint who called animals his brothers and sisters is entirely within the spirit of our Holy Books.

"Considering that in spite of the spirit of humanity spread abroad by the Ancient Law and still more by the New Law, human barbarity is again expressing itself in bull-fights, there is no doubt but that the Church will continue to do as it has done in the past—condemn resolutely such shameful and bloody spectacles.

"I must also tell you, Madame, how much the Church encourages all the noble souls that are working to wipe out this blot, and how whole-heartedly it approves of societies established for this end and directing their efforts to develop the sentiments of mercy towards animals.

"In serving a cause of such great humanity may your Society remain true to the noblest traditions of France, and may it also render a rich service to Christian charity and kindness.

"With the paternal benediction of His Holiness, Madame, for yourself and all your co-workers and associates, I beg to offer you my personal felicitations, as well as my respectful salutations in Christ,

"CARDINAL GASPARRI"

The gift above referred to was accompanied by a letter from Cardinal Gasparri, the Cardinal Secretary of State, written by the Pope's instructions, condemning all wanton destruction of animal life by unscrupulous sportsmen, especially by the use of traps, which inflict needless and untold suffering on the animals taken in them.

Pope Benedict further instructed all priests to use their influence, and to preach sermons denouncing cruelty to animals in all its forms.

This humane Pope sent his Apostolic Benediction to the Arezzo Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

He was the third Holy Father to bless such a society, the others being Leo XIII and Pope Pius X.

Pope Pius XI has won the gratitude of all defenders of animals because of his urgent demands for their protection from all who maltreat or abuse them.

The devotion to the cause of animal protection by great Catholic leaders like Monsignor Besson, Bishop of Nîmes; Cardinal Manning, of England, and Cardinal Gibbons in America, is too well known to require comment.

A. MONTAIGNE

STARVING CATS IN ROME

THE following is a recent communication by the Associated Press to the N. Y. Herald-Tribune:

For many generations Romans have disposed of their cats by dropping them—some twenty feet below the level of the street—into one of the dry moats of the Pantheon or the pit containing the remains of the Trajan Forum. There the felines, unable to scale the walls, have lived and multiplied, depending for their food upon the generosity of passers-by and resorting during lean days to the cannibalism of their tiger cousins.

Not much longer, however, will the visitor see hundreds of these gaunt animals wandering about their prisons. Serious efforts are being made to get the government to remove the cats and to put them quickly out of their misery. It is also planned to ask the authorities to impose penalties upon persons who repopulate the cat prisons.



PLEASING PLAYMATES

A PRAYER

THERE is a prayer that evermore ascends
To the Great Lord of All,
From byre and stall,

From mart and noisy street,
Where tread the patient feet
Of cattle, sheep and horse—
The vassals of man's force,—
From steel-toothed trap, from bondage till life
ends;
For all we suffer, make us, Lord, amends!

Forget us not in our humiliation;
The lowlier beings of Thine own creation.
Look down upon our anguish and distress,
Oh, Thou, who made the Greater and the Less!
Forsake us not, Thine humble furry things.
Forsake us not, Thy feathered folk with wings!
Look down and see with what unheeded pains
We tread the path of Death for human gains.
Look down and mark how long we agonize
Amidst coarse jeers, and under mocking eyes!

Oh, Thou, who made each wood and stream and
mead,

For us as well as man, behold our need.
The stable, Lord, was sanctified by Thee;
Forsake us not in our humility!
Great Lord of Life! Great God of all creation!
Thy creatures pray Thee, show us Thy salvation!

E. SPARVEL-BAYLY in *The Animal World*

A HUMANE MOTOR-MAN

POTTER SPAULDING

A HUMANE motor-man on an electric car, running between Manchester and Concord, N. H., brought his car to a full stop the other day and waited while, amid the applause of the passengers, a small boy rescued a kitten who had parked himself on the track and refused to move. A little thing to do, but, on the other hand, how easily the motor-man could have failed to notice the tiny feline and have gone on his way leaving a maimed and dying little body, and probably no one the wiser as to how it happened or who, if anyone, was to blame.

Are not many people, particularly the drivers of automobiles and heavy trucks, every day sacrificing the lives of innocent cats and dogs, household pets and loved companions of someone? Have a heart, Mr. Motorist, life is just as sweet to them as it is to you.

THE CLEAN-EATING RACCOON

LESTER BANKS

WHEN we are tempted to gobble down apples, grapes, etc., without first cleaning them, we should remember the good example set by the coon. He is the most particular creature I know of when it comes to having his food clean.

Given a piece of meat, Mr. Coon looks for the cleanest water he can find. Sometimes he will hold the meat in his mouth to do the cleaning, but usually he rolls it over and over in the water with his paws. He even dislikes to carry the meat to the stream with his mouth.

And such a washing! Not content to rid the flesh of surface dirt and blood, he soaks it until it is semi-macerated, pale and flabby. If there is no water accessible, the coon shows his reluctance to eat the meat unwashed; and he will decline to do so unless exceptionally hungry. I understand, too, that he often washes an ear of corn similarly.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- Send for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and eighty-one new Bands of Mercy were reported in December. Of these, 142 were in schools of Massachusetts; 98 in schools of Rhode Island; 67 in schools of Texas; 52 in schools of Georgia; 43 in schools of Virginia; 28 in schools of Philippine Islands; 16 in schools of New Jersey; 10 in Canada; nine in schools of Maine; five in schools of Tennessee; four in schools of North Carolina; two each in schools of Delaware and Washington; and one each in schools of California, Syria, and West Indies.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 153,425

LOSES LIFE TO SAVE PUPPIES

RECENTLY in an effort to save his two pet Boston bull puppies, Walter Myers, of Rosedale, Queens, New York, slipped beneath the railroad gates at Ocean Avenue crossing, but was hit by a speeding city-bound Long Island railroad express train and killed.

The two puppies reached the other side of the tracks, out of the way of the engine, and ran home unharmed.

Myers was taking the mother bull and the two puppies for a walk, when the puppies strayed in the path of the oncoming train.

Joseph Castail, the gateman at the crossing, said that he seized Myers by the coat and tried to prevent him going to the rescue, but the lad broke away from his grasp in the effort to rescue the puppies.

A BOY HERO

CLAUDE SIMMONS, hero! Claude is a lad of fourteen who has real possibilities. At the State Fair there was a fire. One of the barns was ablaze.

Claude was among those who watched the flames. Suddenly there came a pitiful "meow," a cat's SOS of distress. High on the roof of the burning building was the cat, a regal Angora. The cat had escaped from the roaring furnace within, but was still in peril.

Claude did not hesitate. He just could not bear to see that cat burn. While other spectators stood spellbound by the prattle of the flames, Claude got into action. He climbed to the roof, risked death, swallowed much smoke, and barely escaped the flames.

But he came back with the cat firmly held in his arms.

Thus Claude became a hero. And he is a boy worth while. For he is a boy with a heart, and that kind of boy gives the promise of becoming a real man.

—Shreveport (La.) Times



BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Pupils of School No. 80 are shown with the feast they provided for the cardinals, blue jays, song sparrows and chickadees that make their homes on the banks of the river. Little mesh bags filled with suet and cracked corn, apples, bread, berries and pop-corn were hung on the tree.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF MERCY

THROUGH the efforts of Miss Mabel Stuart Daveis and Miss Mary Gilman Daveis, now on a tour around the world, a Children's International League of Mercy was authorized by the International Congress for the Protection of Animals held at Paris last summer.

The aim of the League, with the motto "A little child shall lead them," is to awaken in the tender heart of childhood a feeling of compassion for even the humblest of God's creatures. The methods proposed are correspondence between school children of different nations and the exchange of humane posters; distribution of humane, educational literature in the schools, and the offering of school prizes for humane posters and essays.

This is the letter, addressed to M. Friry, president of the International Congress, which was sent by the Misses Daveis:—

We have learned with gratitude of the noble initiative of your Society in summoning together this far-reaching Congress of humane workers, and desire to submit to the favorable consideration of your honorable body, the importance of unifying the humane educational work for children, now being carried on in France, England, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Australia, Africa, America, and other countries and to recommend the formation of a Children's International League of Mercy.

It is evident that if we can educate the childhood of the world to feel compassion for even the humblest of living creatures, brutality and cruelty can be wiped out in one generation.

A letter from Secretary Joaquin Julia of the Federacion Iberia, addressed to Miss Daveis, says that without knowing of the action of the Paris Congress, the "Ligas de Bondad," now being formed in Spain, are, with the unanimous approval of the Federation, to "adhere themselves to the international center of Bands of Mercy of Boston." He asks

Miss Daveis to officially inform the secretary of the Paris Congress "that the Spanish Bands of Mercy, organized by our Federation, shall consider themselves adhered to the International League."

JAPANESE SCHOOL IN TACOMA

IN Tacoma, Washington, there is a school where Japanese children study in their own language. Our field worker, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, recently visited this school and organized a Junior Humane Society there, every pupil present taking the pledge. The organization was the result of a talk given by Mrs. Nichols, through an interpreter, to the Japanese people some months earlier.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, vice-president of the First National Bank of Boston, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Photo from Audubon Society

SIR CHICKADEE

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

SIR Chickadee came in a swirl of snow,
And he brought his wife—as of course you'd know—
And he brought their children four;
All of them fluffy as fluffy could be,
And all of them "Chick-a-dee-dee-ing" in glee,
They perched in the old Sweet Pippin tree,
Outside the kitchen door.

"Chick-a-dee-dee, dee-dee, dee-dee!"
That's what it sounded like to me!
But Dot knew, quick as a wink;
And she declared, "They all of them say:
'It's a very delightful dear of a day,
And makes us Chickadees feel right gay,
But hungry—you can't think!'"

And this proves well that Dot knows bird talk:
When she threw some crumbs on the flagging walk,
Down flew each fluffy elf!
And they ate—oh, how they ate! Dear me!
Dot couldn't have understood, you see,
One little wee small bit better, if she
Were a Chickadee herself!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST PET

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a little boy in his early Illinois home, a neighbor offered to give him a young pig for a pet. Abraham then wore just a home-spun garment, in which he gathered up the pig and brought it to his father's cabin. The lonesome boy used to go off into the woods, carrying his new pet with him, and playing with it all day. Later the pig became so big that it carried Abraham on its back. One day in the fall the boy's father spoke of killing the pig, now a good-sized hog. When Abraham realized what his father meant, the boy hurried to the shed and took the pig with him into the woods. But one morning he found the door fastened so he could not open it, and that day the favorite pet was slaughtered and dressed and hung up for winter food. When he saw it, Abraham, to use his own words, "blubbered" because he felt so sorry, and he refused afterwards to eat any of the pork from his beloved pet.

A LITTLE VALENTINE

ELLEN C. LLORAS

ETHEL pasted a red heart in the middle of a square of heavy, cream-tinted paper, and carefully chose tiny rosebuds to drop in toward it from the four corners. That was going to be a pretty valentine. Now one more, and she would have enough for every little boy and girl on her list.

Her list was a rather long one, too, this year. Of course she wanted to throw a valentine for her very own dearest chums. Then several new children had moved into the neighborhood, and she wanted to remember them. She felt sure it would help a little to make them feel less strange and alone, and more as if they really "belonged."

And not for anything would she have missed placing a valentine for father and mother and little brother at the breakfast table on St. Valentine's morning. She had one for her teacher at school, too, and one for her Sunday-school teacher, and one for grandmother, and oh, half a dozen little cousins.

But it was such fun to make valentines! Ethel had a big pasteboard box into which she carefully dropped each bit of gold and silver paper, each tiny picture of flowers and children, all through the year. That gave her plenty of the very nicest material to work with when Valentine's Day drew near again. With a package or two of hearts and white cards from the ten-cent store, she was ready to begin.

Some of the valentines went out by mail. It was fun to get them ready, and address and stamp them, and drop them in at the post-office. But it was still more fun to go gaily out with them herself on St. Valentine's morning. Knocking at doors or ringing bells, she would quickly drop her white envelopes and scamper away. Of course she tried to hide somewhere near if she could, to watch the children come out and find their gay valentines. That was part of the fun of it all.

Nobody would be out earlier than would she the next morning.

But, this time, somebody was!

Anyway, when Ethel opened the front door, her hands full of valentines for Mabel and Bobby and Sue and the rest, right there waiting for her at her own door was the queerest and the dearest little valentine you ever saw.

It was gray, and red, and blue—but its soft gray fur was ruffled up because it was so cold; its blue eyes begged for a warm place by the stove; its little red tongue wanted some milk to lap; and what it said was, "Meow, meow," in a tiny little kitten voice.

Ethel gathered it right up and made it as cozily comfortable as little kittens can be.

"I'm going to call him Valentine," she said, "because he's the very nicest valentine I ever did have."



SEEN IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHARLES E. TRACEWELL

In "This and That" column of *Evening Star*, Washington, D.C.

ALL the fur-bearing animals in the world can be seen on F street during the course of any noon hour.

The other day I saw a fox, several raccoons, innumerable opossums, many seals, hundreds of squirrels, a leopard, a wolf, a whole tribe of muskrats, some beavers and assorted animals of unknown lineage.

The strange thing was that every animal went on two legs, not four, was laughing and talking away for dear life.

And then I saw what I had mistaken for animals were women and girls wearing the pelts of these various creatures around the collars of their coats, around the cuffs, or strips of these dead animals' fur in bands, or around their necks.

I stood for more than an hour watching this spectacle, and I give you my word that I could have counted on the fingers of my two hands the women who did not have their coats adorned with animal fur.

There were green coats and blue coats and coats of "bunny brown"; there were yellow coats and red coats and coats of "gracklehead blue"—and every coat, no matter what its color, had a collar of fur or cuffs of the same.

Those that had no fur around their collars, or at their wrists, contented themselves with wearing, cast around their tender necks, a strip of some sort of furry material.

So assiduously have the fur people worked to supply this demand of our fair women for this sort of personal adornment that no self-respecting animal, if he could turn out there in his stripped, quivering flesh, would recognize his own furry coat.

It would be a wise fox indeed that would know his own skin today.

* * *

Fear not, fair readers, I am not going to deliver a lecture. I have my own ideas upon the subject—but what's the use? It is beyond the power of any writer to change one jot the flow of fashion.

When those of us who love our furred brethren of forest and field stop to realize that this same fur mania is being repeated in every town and city in the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, from the Great Lakes to the toe of booming Florida, our hearts become indignant—if we are inclined to be touched by such things we even may find our eyes moist.

The tragic, awful joke of it all is that women are kind. They are much kinder than men. There is not one of these fur wearers—with her piece of fur proudly around her neck—who would not revolt in horror at the real animals dying in the traps.

"What you don't know won't hurt you," said some old cynic, who knew his men and women.

The explanation is there.

I could quote you a poem upon this matter—animal trapped, looking with tragic eyes at the cold stars, bleeding, starving, dying, meeting the gentle Jesus face to face, at last—but to what end?

Gentle fur wearers, the rolling tides of fashion will end this slaughter for your sake.

Fur dealers, coat manufacturers, do not be alarmed. There is nothing that I or anyone else can say or write that will cut into your profits one jot.

The women want fur on their coats, and that settles it. After the fur mania maybe it will be feathers—but there are plenty of birds.

And we have airplanes. Say the word, ladies, and hundreds of men will go flying through the air for your sake, swinging huge nets, to supply the decorations for your coats next season.

Birds are fond of food. We will sprinkle the ground with the choicest of seeds, and when the silly things fly down to partake of our hospitality, we will gather them in—for you.

For you, sweet mothers, who tuck your little children into their safe beds at nights—for you, women in black, who have met and known death and its sorrow—for you, young girls, tender and sweet, who shudder at the mere sight of blood.

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OF how many cities can it be said that every member of the police force is also a member of the local humane society? This is now true of Reading, Pa., where each of the 130 policemen has been furnished with a card bearing his name and showing that he has been enrolled as an active member of the Humane Society of Berks County. The officers to a man have fallen in line enthusiastically with the spirit of the movement. Through their hearty co-operation the Society expects that Reading soon will be one of the most humane cities in the country.

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44
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44
41